

Enter the People's Girl, Part 1

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Disclaimer: I do not own any of these wrestling characters. I guess they own themselves. :)

Rating: PG

Summary: The Rock gets an escort... *smile*

*Dammit...just let me have my dream!!! No flames are appreciated.
lol *

Enter The People's Girl, Part 1

by Spike's Angel

The Rock rubbed his temples as he stared at the computer screen. He was tired, tired of the Jabroni press that hounded him all the time, tired of the problems HHH was causing, and he was definitely tired of looking at HHH's slut wife Stephanie McMahon-Helmsley. Cursing, The Rock decided to check his personal email that he had with Hotmail. After he read his emails, The Rock was going to sign off, but caught sight of something he hadn't noticed before...2 words in the corner of the page that said MSN chat. Something compelled him to go there. He clicked on the words and found himself staring at a menu. "Let's see..." he murmured. "Romance Chat, hell no. Religion Chat, hell no. Teen Chat, hell...no wait. Fuck it, I will grace the little Jabroni's with The Rock's presence." He clicked on the chat and watched as the page asked him to give himself a nickname. Chuckling, he typed in THE ROCK and pushed 'GO'. He found himself in a chat called Kickback Cafe.

"DO YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS COOKING?????" The Rock typed. No one

took notice. He pursed his lips and raised his eyebrow. He began to type again, not really noticing the screen say 'moonprincess has joined the conversation'. The Rock sent what he wrote..."ARE YOU JABRONI'S STUPID OR WHAT? I SAID, DO YOU SMELL WHAT THE ROCK IS COOKING?????" He leaned back in his chair and watched the screen. Suddenly, he saw the words '_moonprincess chants ROCKY ROCKY ROCKY ROCKY' _The Rock smiled and was about to type again but then he saw what was written next. 'devil_grrl: the rock shut up and moonprincess you suk for liking him'. The Rock raised his eyebrow. He cracked his knuckles and began to type...

THE ROCK: KNOW YOUR ROLE AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH DEVIL.

moonprincess: never ever say that about the rock devil you moron

devil_grrl: You shut up Rock, you wannabe, and you too moon.

devil_grrl: Both of you need to get a life.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK SAYS MOONPRINCESS, BE QUIET. LET ME HANDLE THIS JABRONI.

moonprincess: yes rock

devil_grrl: damn you guys are pathetic

THE ROCK: THE ROCK SAYS DEVIL, KNOW YOUR ROLE AND SHUT YOUR MOUTH YOU CAMEL ASS LICKING JABRONI, BEFORE THE ROCK CHECKS YOU INTO THE SMACKDOWN HOTEL.

—

moonprincess chants rocky rocky rocky rocky

—

devil_grrl has left the conversation

The Rock smirked as he read the last line. He then frowned. He had told moon to be quiet and she hadn't listened. He clicked on her name, then whisper.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK SPECIFICALLY TOLD YOU TO BE QUIET AND LET HIM HANDLE THIS.

moonprincess: i am sorry, i beg your gracious forgiveness, rock.

The Rock was taken aback. Here was a girl who knew her role. He raised his eyebrow.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK WILL FORGIVE YOU THIS ONE TIME.

moonprincess: thank you rock i feel much better now.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK LIKES YOU. DESCRIBE YOURSELF IN DETAIL. THE ROCK WANTS TO KNOW HOW YOU LOOK.

moonprincess: well, i am 5'6'', about 125 pounds, ivory skin, long,

wavy blonde hair, and blue eyes.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK LIKES HOW YOU LOOK.

moonprincess: thanks

THE ROCK: HOW OLD ARE YOU?

moonprincess: i will be eighteen in two days.

THE ROCK: THAT IS GOOD.

moonprincess: why are you on the teen chat, rock? if i am allowed to ask.

The Rock raised his eyebrow again. He liked this moonprincess girl. Knowing her role was a good thing.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK WAS BORED.

moonprincess: oh

moonprincess: so who are you going to wrestle tonight. tonight is raw is war isn't it?

THE ROCK: THE ROCK WILL CHECK THE BIG SHOW INTO THE SMACKDOWN HOTEL.

moonprincess: i know you will. i always cheer for you.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK LIKES YOU. YOU ARE A GIRL WHO KNOWS HER ROLE.

moonprincess: i was born to make the great one happy :)

THE ROCK: WHERE DO YOU LIVE AND WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?

moonprincess: i live in los angeles, cali. my real name is angelina.

moonprincess: i want to escort you to the ring rock, can i please?

THE ROCK: THE ROCK NEEDS NO ONE TO ESCORT HIM. I AM THE GREAT ONE. BUT I WILL THINK ABOUT IT.

moonprincess: thanks babe

THE ROCK: BABE?

moonprincess: yeah i call people that and you are a babe you know

—

THE ROCK GIVES MOONPRINCESS THE PEOPLE'S EYEBROW

—

moonprincess: aww i love that its damn sexy

The Rock leaned back in his chair, thinking. Moonprincess sounded hot. She also knew her role. He decided that he could use her somehow.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK WANTS YOU TO SEND HIM A PICTURE.

moonprincess: well with the great ones permission, i can send him one on his email.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK'S PERSONAL EMAIL ADDRESS IS
D_JOHNSON@HOTMAIL.COM

moonprincess: ok then rock. i will send you one now, will you hold on just one second please?

THE ROCK: THE ROCK WILL WAIT, BUT NOT THAT LONG

moonprincess: ok just a sec

The Rock waited for a minute, then watched with interest as his msn messenger beeped. He clicked on the email and watched as a picture of the hottest girl he had ever seen appeared on the screen. It was a full body picture of a girl with a body that rivaled Trish Stratus, except Angelina's breasts didn't look fake. Her long blonde hair shone and her smile was sexy. Immediately, The Rock wanted to kiss those lips...

THE ROCK: THE ROCK THINKS YOU ARE HOT. THE ROCK WANTS TO MEET YOU.

moonprincess: ohhhh god

moonprincess: sure, anytime.

THE ROCK: GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS AND I WILL SEND YOU AN AIRPLANE TICKET TO COME UP HERE.

moonprincess: i dont know...

THE ROCK: THE ROCK SAYS HE WILL PROVE TO YOU THAT HE IS THE ROCK. JUST GIVE ME YOUR ADDRESS.

moonprincess: all right. (she gives him her addy)

THE ROCK: THE ROCK MUST GO. DO NOT PACK ANYTHING THE ROCK WILL BUY YOU SUITABLE CLOTHING.

moonprincess: all righty. well...ummm...i guess i will see you tomorrow.

THE ROCK: THE ROCK SAYS GOODBYE.

—

THE ROCK GIVES MOONPRINCESS THE PEOPLE'S EYEBROW

—

With that, The Rock shut off the computer and stood up. Smoothing out the wrinkles on his \$500.00 shirt, he walked out of the room and picked up his cell phone. "Jason, I want an airplane ticket sent to this address..."

End
file.